Petr. *Hortensio* peace: thou knowst not golds effect,
Tell mee her fathers name, and'tis enough:
For I will boord her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in Autumne cracke.
Hor. Her father *Baptista Minola*,
An affable and courteous Gentleman,
Her name is *Katherina Minola*,
Renown'd in *Padua* for her scolding tongue.
Petr. I know her father, though I know not her,
And he knew my deceased father well:
I will not sleepe *Hortensio* til I see her,
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To giue you ouer at this first encounter,
Vnlesse you will accompanie mee thither.
Gru. I pray you Sir let him go while the humor lasts. A my word, and she knew him as well as I do, she would thinke scolding would do little good vpon him. Shee may perhaps call him halfe a score Knaues, or so: Why that's nothing; and he begins once, hee'le raile in his rope tricks, Ile tell you what sir, and she stand him but a litle, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure hir with it, that she shall haue no more eies to see withall then a Cat: you know him not sir.
Hor. Tarrie *Petruchio* I must go with thee,
For in *Baptistas* keepe my treasure is:
He hath the Iewel of my life in hold,
His yongest daughter, beautifull *Bianca*,
And her with-holds from me. Other more
Suters to her, and riuals in my Loue:
Supposing it a thing impossible,
For those defects I haue before rehearst,
That euer *Katherina* will be woo'd
Therfore this order hath *Baptista* tane,
That none shall haue accesse vnto *Bianca*,
Til *Katherine* the Curst, haue got a husband.
Gru. *Katherine* the curst,
A title for a maide, of all titles the worst.
Hor. Now shall my friend *Petruchio* do me grace,
And offer me disguis'd in sober robes,
To old *Baptista* as a schoole-master

Well seene in musicke, to instruct *Bianca*,
That so I may by this deuice at least
Haue leaue and leisure to make loue to her,
And vnsuspected court her by her selfe.

Enter Gremio and Lucentio disguis'd.

Gru. Heere's no knauerie. See, to beguile the olde folkes, how the young folkes lay their heads together. Master, master, looke about you: Who goes there?
Hor. Peace *Grumio*, it is the riuall of my Loue.
Petruchio stand by a while.
Grumio. A propper stripling, and an amorous.
Gremio. Oh very well, I haue perus'd the note:
Hearke you sir, Ile haue them verie fairely bound,
All bookes of Loue, see that at any hand,
And see you reade no other Lectures to her:
You vnderstand me. Ouer and beside
Signior *Baptistas* liberalitie,
Ile mend it with a Largesse. Take your paper too,
And let me haue them verie well perfum'd;
For she is sweeter then Perfume it selfe
To whom they go to: what will you reade to her.
Luc. What ere I reade to her, Ile pleade for you,
As for my patron, stand you so assur'd,
As firmely as your selfe were still in place,
Yea and perhaps with more successefull words
Then you; vnlesse you were a scholler sir,
Gre. Oh this learning, what a thing it is,
Gru. Oh this Woodcocke, what an Asse it is.
Petru. Peace sirra.
Hor. *Grumio* mum: God saue you signior *Gremio*.
Gre. And you are wel met, Signior *Hortensio*.
Trow you whither I am going? To *Baptista Minola*.
I promist to enquire carefully
Aboute a schoolemaster for the faire *Bianca*,
And by good fortune I haue lighted well
On this yong man: For learning and behauiour
Fit for her turne, well read in Poetrie
And other bookes, good ones, I warrant yee.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Taming of the Shrew* (STC 22327) LONDON, 1631 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G e.27) Octavo